"Not altogether done," she said gently; "the arena must yet be sanded!" This she said having reference to the covering up of the blood stains at the gladiatorial shows with fine white sand. "Well," she went on, waste not thine anger on a thing so vile I have thrown my throw and I have lost. Væ victis!—an! Væ victis! Wilt thou not the dagger in thy robe, that here and now I may end my shame! No! The one work more, Most Royal Harmachis: If thou canst, forget my folly; but, at the least, have no fear from me. I am now, as ever, thy servant and the servant of our cause. Farewell"

And she went, leaning her hand against the wall. But I, passing to my chamber, flung myself upon my couch and grouned in buterness of spirit. Alas! we shape our plans, and by slow degrees build up our Hope, never counting on the guests shall bring to lodge therein. For who can guard against-the Unforeseen.

At length I slept, and evil were my irvams. When I woke the light of the day which should see the red fulfillment of the plot was streaming through the casement, and t's birds sang merrily among the garden takens. I woke, and as I woke the search of trouble pressed in upon me, for I remembered that before this day was gathered to the jest I must dip my hands in blood even in the blood of Cicopatra, who trusted me! Why could I not have her as I should? There had been a time when I had looked on this act of vengeance with somewhat of a righteous glow of zeal. And now-and now, why, I would frankly give my royal birthright to be free from its necessity! But, aias! Fknew that there was no escape. I must drain the cup or be for ever cast away. I felt the eves of Egypt watching me, and the eyes of Egypt's Gods. I prayed to my Mother Isis to give me strength to do this deed, and prayed as I had never prayed before; and, O wonder! no answer came. Nay, how was this! What then had loosed the link between us tha , for the first time, the Goddess deigned no reply to her chosen servent! Could it be had sinned in heart against her! What had Charmion said-that I loved Cle opatra? Was this sickness love! Nay, a thousand times nay!-'twas but the revolof Nature exampt a deed of treachery and blood. The Goddess did but try strength, or perchance she also turned her holy countenance from blood.

I rose filled with despatt, and went about my work like a man without a soul. I conned the fatal lists and noted all the plans -sy, in my brain I gathered up the very words of that proclamation of my Reyalty which on the morrow I should issue to the startled world.

Citizens of Alexandria and dwellers in the land of Egypt," it began, "Cleopatra, the Maccoonian, bath, by the command of the Gods, suffered justice for her crimes-"
All these and other things I did, but I did them as a man without a soul-as a man moved by a force from without and not from within. And so the minutes were away. In the third hour of the afternoon I went, as by appointment fixed, to the house where lodged my uncle Sepa-that same house to which some three months gone I had been brought when, for the first time, I entered Alexandria. And here I found assembled in secret conc.ave the leaders of the revolt in the city, to the number of seven. When I had entered and the doors were barred, they prostrated themselves and cried: "Hai! Pharaoh!" But I bade them rise, saying that not yet was I Pharach, for the chicken was still in though.

"Yea, Prince," said my uncle, "but his sak shows through. Not in vain hath Scools shows through. Not in vain bath dall not with that dagger-stroke of thinestop our course to victory!"

"It is on the knees of the Gods," I an-

"Nay," he said, "the gods to ve placed the issue in the hands of a mortal-in thy hands, O Harmachis!—and there is it safe. See; here are the last lists. Thirty-one usand mea who bear arms are sworn to rise when the timings come to them. Within five days every citadel in Egypt will be ia our hands, and then what have we to fear! From Rome but little, for her hands il; and, besides, we will make al liance with the Triumvirate, and, if need be, buy them off. For of money there is plenty in the land, and if more be wanted thou, Harmachis, knowest where 'tis stored against the need of Khem, and outside the nan's reach of arm. Who is there to harm us? There is none. Perchance, in this turbulent city, there may be ustruggle, and a counter plot to bring Arsmoe to Egypt and set her on the throne. Therere must Alexandria be severely dealt with-ave, even to destruction, if need be. And for Arsince, those go forth to-morrow on the news of the Queon's death who shall

"There remains the lad Casarion," I said. 'Rome might claim through Caesar's son, and the child of Cleopatra inherits Cleopatra's rights. Herein is a double

"Fear not," said my uncle; "to-morrow Casarien joins these who begat him in Amenti. I have made provision. The Ptolemies must be stamped out, so that no shoot shall ever spring from that root blasted by Heaven's vengeance."

"Is there no other means?" I asked sadly. "My heart is sick at the promise of this red rain of blood. Well I know the child; he hath C'espatra's fire and beauty and great Casar's wit. Twas shame to

"Nac, be not so chicken-hearted. Harmachis," said my uncle, sternir, "What alls thee, then? If the hal is thus, the more reason that he should die. Wentlet ou purse up a young lien to tear thee from the throne!"

"Be it so," I answered, sighing, "At least he is spored much and will co house innecent of cril. And new for the plans." Long we sat tailing counsel, till at length, in face of the great emergency and our birth emprise. I felt so thing of the splicit of former days flow back into the beart. At the last all was ordered, and on or larged that it could so ove miscarry, for it was fixed that if by may chance I could not come to stay Cleopatra on this night, then should the plot hang in the scale until the regree when the doed a world to done to a carry sion. For the death of Cleopatra was the algual. These matters being fin.she . ones co we stood and, our hands trove the sacrod symbol, swore the outh that may not bowritten. And then re uncle it ged me with tears of lope and joy standing in his teen black eyes. He blessed up, saying that gladly would be rive his life, ay, and a hundred lives if they were his, if he might

but live to see E yet once many n mailin, and me, Harmwhas, the descendant of its ag all things to his cause. And I kierd in turn, and thus we parted. Nor in fesh did I ever see him more who bath

e fiesh dul I ever see him more who main armed the rest that as yet is dealed to me. He I went, and, there being yet time, aims swiftly from place to place in the coateity, taking note of the positions of a grees ad of the places where our forces

must be gathered. At length I came to that quay where I had landed and save a vessel sailing for the open sea. I looked, and in my heaviness of heart I longed to be aboard of her, to be borne by her white wings to some far shore where I might live obscure and, forgotten, die. Also I saw another vessel that had dropped down the Nile, from whose dock the passengers were streaming. For a moment I stood watching them, illy wondering if they were from Abouthis, when suddenly I heard a familiar voice be-

"La! La!" said the voice. "Why, what a city is this for an old woman to seek her ter Hail, of which the roof is upborue by fortune in! And how shall I find those to whom I am known? As well look for a rush in the papyrus-roll. Begone! thou knave, and let my bas..et of simples lie, or, by the Gods, I'll doctor thee therewith!"

I turned, wondering, and found myself face to face with my foster-nurse, Atoua. She knew me instantly, for I sawher start, but in the presence of the people checked

her surprise "Good Sir," she whened, Efting up her withered countenance toward me, and at the same time making the secret sign, . by thy dress thou shouldst be an astronomer. and I was specially told to avoid astrono mers as a pick of lying tricksters who wormers us a piec of tying treasures who wor-ship their own star only. And, therefore, acting on the principle of couraries, which is law to us women, I speak to thee. For surely is this Alexandria, where all things are up inc down, the astronomer, may be the housest mea, nince the rest are clearly knaves." And then, being by now out of carshot of the press, "Royat Barmachis, I on come charged with a message to the from thy father Amenembat."

"Is he well?" I asked "Yea, he is well, though waiting; for the moment tries him sorely."

"And his message?"
"It is this: He sends greeting to thee, and with it warning that a great danger threatens thee, though he can not read it. These are his words: 'Re steadfast and prosper.' I bowed my bead and the words struck a new chill of fear into my soul.

"When is the time!" she asked.
"This very night. Where goest thou?" "To the house of the honorable Sepa, Priest of On. Canst thou guide me thith-

"Nay, I may not stay; nor is it wise that I should be seen with thee. Hold!" And I called a porter who was faling on the quay,

and giving him a piece of money, bade him guide the old wife to the house. "Farewell,' she whispered—"farewell till to-morrow. Be steadfast and prosper!" Then I turned and went my way through the crowded a reets, wherein the people made place for me, the astronomer of Cleo-patra, for my fame had spread abroad.

And even as I went my footsteps seemed to beat: Be steadf at! Be stead fast! Be stead fa-t! till at last it was as though the very ground cried out its very warning to me.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE VAILED WORDS OF CHARM ON: OF THE PASSING OF HARMACH S INTO THE PRESENCE OF CLEOPATRA OVE THROW OF HARMACHIS.

WAS night, and I sat alone within my chamber, waiting the moment when, as it was agreed, Charmion should summon me to pass down to Cleopatra. Alone I sat, and there before me lay the dagger that was to pierce her. Long was to pierce ber. Long and keen it was, and the

handle was formed of a sphinx of solid gold. Alone 1 sat, questioning the future; but no answer came. At length I looked up, and behold! Charmion stood before me
—Charmion, no louges gay and bright, but
pale of face an I hollow-eyed.

"Royal Harmachis," shasaid, "Cleopatra summons thee presently, to declare to her the voices of the stars." So the hour had fallen!

"It is well, Charmion," I answered. "Are

all things in order?"
"Yea, my Lord; all things are in order; well primed with wine, Paulus guards the gates, the cumuchs are withdrawn save one. the legionar es s'eep, and already Sepa and his force lie hid without. Naught has been neglected, and no lamb skipping at the shamble doors can be more innocent of its doom than is Queen Cleopatra. '

"It is well," I said again; let us be giing" And rising, I placed the dagger in the bosom of my robe. Taking a cup of wine that stood near I drank deep of it, for wine that stood near I urana that day, food had I scarce tasted all that day, "for it

is not yet time: lest night-ah, last night! - and her warm heaved--"I dreamed a dream that haun s me strangely, and perchance tak also didst dream a dreat Twas all a dream and 'tis forgotten; is it not so, my Lord !"

"Yea, yea," I said; "why troublest thou me thus at such an hour?"

"Nay, I know not; but to-night, Harmachts, Fate is in labor of a great event, and in her painful throes mayhap she'll crush me in her grip -me or thee, or the twain of us, Harma-his. An i if that be so -well, I want hear from thee before 'tis done, that 'twas n aght but a dream, and that dream forgot " 'Yea, 'tis ail a dream,' I said, idly;

"thou and I, and the solid earth, and this beavy night of terror -ay, and this keenpointed balle what are those but dreams, and with what face ball the wak ng come?" "S., now thou fall st in my humor, Royal Harmach'e. As then sayest, we dream; and while we dream yet can the vision change. For wonderful are the fantasies of dram, seeing that they have no stabil-, at vary like the vapous edge of sun-clouds, bulliang now this thing and now that being now , ark and heavy and now all "twi he sendor. Therefore, before we wak : t -morrow, t-il me one word. Is that vision of ast night, wherein I so med to be qui era am d. and thou di sterm to laugh upon manifer, a fixed fintasy, or can it, perchance, yet change its countenance! Per, remember, who that waking comes, the vagenes of our sleep will be more un alterable and more enluring than are the pyramitr. hea will they be gathered into that changeless region of the past where ad that changeless region of the past where an said. "I had wished to show upon what things, greatered small by, even dr ams, circumstance I base my forecast." Harman List over ence in its own semblance, "Nay, not so, Harman dis; I have wearied frozen into a new and built within the Tomo of the ways of stars. Thou hast prophesiod;

of Time femorial" "Nay, Charmion." I replied. "I grieve if I did pain the ; but o'en that vision comes no carrage. I said what was in my heart. a . three's a read. Thou art my cousin and my friend; more I c a never be to

"'Tis well-' is very well," she said; "let it be formal. And now on from dream to dream." And the standed with such a smile as I had neverte a her wear before; 'twas saider nad in reductful than any stamp

toni griefeld a tupon the brow.

For though, being blinded by my own royal and ancient blood, seated on the folly and the touse at my heart. I knew it not will that smile, for Carmion the deed, asking nothing for himself, and give Egyptian eled the hap these of youth, field not with that same, for Charmon the Egyptina died the hop inces of youth, fied the hope of love, and burst assuder the holy links of duty. With that same did she conscerate herself to evi, did she renounce her country and her Gods, and trample on ber outh. Ay, that smile marks the spot where the stream of history changed its course. For had I never seen it on her

"Why lookest thou thus strangely, girl?"

"In dreams we smile," she answer "And now 'tis time; follow thou me. Be firm and prosper, Royal Harmach s!" And bending forward, she took my hand and kissed it. Then, with one strange look, she turned and led the way down the stair through the empty halls.

In the chamber that is called the Alabas-



columns of black marble, we stayed. For beyond was the private chamber of Cleo-patra, even the same wherein I had seen her

"Abide thou here," she said, "while I tell Cleopatra of thy coming," and she glided from my side.

For long I stood, mayhap in all for half an hour, counting my own heart beats and, as dream, striving to gather up my strength to that which lay before me At length came Charmion back, her head beld low and walking heavily. "Cleopatra wats thee," she said, "pass

on, there is no guard." Where do I meet thee when what must

be done is done?" I asked, hoarsely.

'Thou meetest me here, and then to
Paulus. Be firm and prosper. Fare thee

And so I went; but at the curtain I turned suddenly, and there in the midst of that lonely lamp-lit hall I saw a strange sight. Far away, in such a fashion that the light struck full upon her, stood Charmion, her head thrown back, her white arms outstretched as though to clasp, and on her girlish face a stamp of anguished passion so terrible to behold that indeed I can not teil it! For she believed that I. whom she loved, was passing to my death, and this was her last farewell to me.

But of this matter I knew naught; so with another passing pang of wonder I drew

aside the curtains, gained the doorway and stood within Cleopatra's chamber. And there, upon a silken couch at the far end of the perfumed chamber, clad in wonderful white attire, rested Cleoputra. In her hand was a jeweled fan of ostrich piumes, where-with she g ntly fanned herself, and by her side was her harp of ivory, and a little table whereon were figs and goblets and a flask of ruby-co.ored wine. Slowly I drew near through the soft, dim light to where in all her glowing beauty lay the wonder of the world. And, indeed, never have I seen her look so fair as she did upon that fatal night. Couched in her amber cushions she seemed to shine as a star on the twilight's g ow. From her hair and r bes came perfume, from her lips felt music, and in her h aveneyes all lights changed and gathered as in the ominous opal's disk

And this was the woman whom I must Slowly I drew near, bowing as I came; but she took no heed. She lay there, and the jeweled fan floated to and fro like the

bright wing of some hovering bird. At length I stood before her, and she glanced up, the estrich plumes pressed against her breast as though to hide its

beauty.
"What! friend, art thou come!" she said. "Tis well; for I grew lonely here. Nay, tis a weary world! We know so many faces, and so few there are whom we lave to see again. Well, stand not there so mute, but be seated." And she pointed with her lan to a cuven chair that w placed high to her feet.
Once more I bowed an i took the seas.

"I have obeyed the Queen's desire," I "and with much care and skill worked out the lesson of thes are; and here is the record of 1 y tab r. If the Queen permits I will expound it to her." And I rose, in order that I might pass round the couch and, as she read, stab her in the back.

"Nay, Harmachis," she said quietly, and with a slow and lovely smile. "Bide thou ere thou art, and give me the writing. By Serapis! thy face is too comely for me wish to lose the signt of it!"

Checked in this my design, I could do naught but hand her the papyrus, thinking to myself that as she read I would arise suddenly and plunge the dagger to her heart. She took it, and, as she did so, touched my hand. Then she made pretense to read. But no word did she read, for I saw that her eves were fixed upon me over

"Why placest thou thy hand within thy robe! ' she asked presently; for, indeed, I clutched the dagger's hilt. "Is thy heart stirred?

"Yea, O Queen," I said, "it beats high." She gave no answer, but once more made pretense to read, and the while she watched

I took counsel with myself. How should I do the hateful deed! If I flung myself upon her now she would see me and scream and struggie. Nay, I must wait a chance. "The auguries are favorable, then, flar-nachis?" she said at length, though this she must heve guessed at.

"Yes, O Queen." I answered.
"'Tis well, 'and she cast the writing on
the m rble. "The ships shall sall. For,
good or bad, I am weary of weighing

This is a heavy matter, O Queen," I

twain weave one identity! I never to have lived, Harmuchis!"



face, Octavianus had not bestridden the world and Egypt had once more been free and great.

And yet 'twas but a woman's smile!

And yet 'twas but a woman's smile!

Why lookest thou thus atrangula grait!

Therefore, save thou thy reasons and we'll be merry. What shall we do! I could dance the lookest thou thus atrangula grait!

to thee-mone there are who can dance so well-but it would scarce be queenly. Nay, I have it: I will sing." And, leaning forward, she raised herself, and, bending the harp toward her, struck some wandering chords. Then her low voice broke out in perfect and most. perfect and most sweet song.

And thus she sang:

Notion the sea, an i night upon the sky.

And music in our hearts, we find ad there.

Luiled by the low sea we can, the unit I.

And the wind's kisses in my clou by hair;

And thou dott gaze on me and call me sair
Exfolded by the star y robe of right.

And then thy sing a thrilled upon the a.v.

Voca of the heart's desire and Love's de
light.

A'r f, w th start t skies above.
With a ariit shas below.
We move with all the suns that move,
With a it e seas that flow:
For, bend or free, Earth, Sky and Sea
Wiel with the discretization of the And thy heat differs on to mo,
And only Time stands at ill. Beiswe in two shores of Death we drift, Behind are things forgot: Be ore the tide is driving swift.

To lands beholden no B.Lw, the maning sea Sweeps o'er tie Lwes that were of old, But, O Love! k se thou me.

Ah, lonely are the ocean ways, And dangerous the deer,
A d frail the fary bark that strays
Above the seas asleep!
A, to I no more at sail nor oar;
We differ the deer free.

We drift, or bond or free; On y in far shore the break its roar,

But O Love! k as thou me. And ever as thou saugest I drew near, Then sudden a lence heard our hearts that

beat, For now there was an end of doubt and fear, Now passions filled my soul and led my feet; Then s lent d. ls. thou rise, thy love to meet, Who, sinking on thy breast, knew naught

but thee, And in the ha py night I kissed thee, Sweet, An Sweet! between the starticht and the

The last echoes of her rich notes floated down the chamber and slowly died away; but in my heart they rolled on and on. I have heard among the woman singers at Abouthis voices more perfect than roice of Cleona ra, but never have I heard one so thrilling or so sweet with passion's honey-notes. And indeed 'twas not the wherein was set all that could move the sense; 'twas the passion of the thought and words, and the surpassing grace and loveliness of that most royal woman who sang them. For, as she sang, almost did I seem to think that we twam were indeed floating alone with the night, upon the wide, dark, summer sea. And when she ceased to touch the harp, and, rising, suddenly stretched out her arms toward me, and, with the last low notes of song yet quivering upon her lips, let fall the wonder of her eyes upon my eyes, almost did she draw me to her. But I remembered, and would not.

"Hast thou, then, no word of thanks for my poor singing, Harmachis!" she said at

length.
"Yea, O Queen." I answered, speaking very low, for my voice was choked; "but thy songs are not good for the sons of men to hear-of a truth they overwhelm me!"

"Nay, Harmachis; for thee there is no ear," she said, laughing softly—"seeing that I know how f r thy thoughts are set from woman's beauty and the common weakness of thy sex. With cold iron we m y safely toy."
I thought within myself that coldest iron

can be brough, to whitest heat if but the fire be fierce enough. But I said naught, and, though my hand trembled, once more I grasped the dagger's lat, and, wild with fe rat m, own weakness, set myself to find a means to slay her while yet my sense re-

'Come hither, Harmachis," she went on, in her softest voice. "Come, sit by me, and we will talk together; for I have much to tell thee " And she made place for me at her side upon the sil. en seat. And I, thinking that I might the more

swiftly strike, reseand scated neyself some little way from her, while, flinging back her head, she gazed on me with her slum-Now was my occasion, for h r white

throat and broost were bare, and, with a mighty effort, once again I lift d my hand to clutch the dagger bilt. But, more quick than thought, sie caught my flagers wit." Ler own and gently held them.

"Why look at thou so wildly, Har machis!" she said. "Art sick!" "Ay, sick indeed," I gasped.

"Then lean thou upon the cushions a: "
rest the ," she answered, still holding my hand, wherefrom the strength had fied "The fit wal surely pass. Too long hast thou hored with thy stars. How soft is the night air that flows from youder case-ment heavy with the breath of hites! Hark to the whisper of the sea lapping against the rocks, that, though faint it is, yet, being so strong, doth almost drewn the quick, cool fall of vonder mountain. List to Philom how sweet from a full heart of love she sings her message to her dear! Surely 'tis a lovely night, and most beautiful is nature's music sung with a hundred voices from wind and trees and birds and ocean's wrink ed lips, and yet sung all to tune Listen, Harmachts; something have I guessed concerning thes. Thou, too, art of a royal race; no humble blood pours in those veins of thine. Surely such a shoot could spring but from the stock of Princes! What! gazest thou at the leaf mark on my breast! 'Twas pricked there in honor of

Osiris, whom with thee I worship. Se I'

"L. t me hence," I grouned, striving to
rise; but all n y strength had gone.

"Nay, not yet awhile. Theu wouldst not
leave me yet! Thou canal not leave me yet.

Harmachis, hast thou never loved!"
"Nay, ray, O Queen! What have I to do with love! Let me hence! I am fait. - for-

"Never to have loved 'tis strange! Never to have known some wom a-heart best all in tune to thine never to have seen the eyes of thy adored apassion's tears as she sighed her vows upon the breast! Never to have loved!— never to have lost thyself in the mystery of another's s ul; nor to have learne Nature can overcome our naked loneli-ness, and with the golden web of love of twain weave one identity! Why, 'tis

sigh, she flong one white arm about my neck, and gring upon me with blue, unfate-maile eyes, smiled her dark, slow smile, that, like an opening flower, revolled beauty within beauty hidden. Rearer she bent her queenly form and skill more near—now her perfumed breath played upon my hair, and now her lips met mine!

And, the increase arms and now her lips met mine!

And, the embrace of death, were forgotten lisis, my Heavenly Ho, Quank, Khoor, Country, Friends, all things save that Cleopatra clasped me mer arms and called me Love and Lord.

*Now piedge me," she murmured—"Now piedge me," she marmed to be and the market of the piedge me, and called me Love and Lord.

*Now piedge me, and the lower of the piedge me, and called me Love and Lord.

*Now piedge me, and the lower of the piedge me, and the piedge pie And ever as she murmured she drew nortice. FOR PUBLICATION 19130.

and then too late I knew that it was drugged.

Back I fell upon the couch, and, though my senses still were with me, I could neither speak nor rise.

But Cleopatra, bending over me, drew the dagger from my robe.

"I'ce w.n.!" she cried, shaking back her long hair, "I're won, and for the stake of Egypt—why, twas a game worth playing! With this dagger, then, thou wouldst have slain me, O my Royal rival, whose myrmidons e'en now are gathered at my palace gate? Art still awake! Now, what hinders me that I should not plunge it to thy heart!"

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I heard and feebly pointed to my breast, for fain was I to die. Shedrew herself to the



full of her imperial height, and the great knife glittered in her hand. Down it came

till its edges pricked my flesh.
"Nay," she cried again, and cast it from her, "too well I like thee. Pity 'tw re to slay such a man! I give thee thy life. Live on, lost Pharaoh! Live on, poor fallen Thing, blasted by a women's wit! Live on

Harmichis-to adorn my triumi h!" Then sight left me; and in my ears I only beard the song of the nightingale, the murmur of the sea, and the music of Cleo-patra's laugh. And as I sank away the sound of that low hugh still followed me into the land of sleen, and still it follows me through life to death.

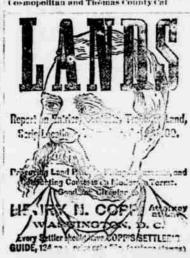
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